Faint Wearily

Way-worn Traveller.

Sung by Mr. Bland and Mr. Banniſter, jun. in the Mountaineers.

FAINT and wearily the way-worn traveller,
Plods uncheerily, afraid to ſtop,
Wand'ring drearily and ſad, unraveller
Of the mazes, toward the mountain's top;
Doubting, fearing, while the courſe he's ſteering,
Cottages appearing, as he's nigh to drop,
O how briſkly then the way-worn traveller,
Treads the mazes toward the mountain's top.

Tho' ſo melancholy day has paſt by,
Twould be folly now to think on't more,
Blithe and jolly he the can holds faſt by,
As he's ſitting at the goathe d's door;
Eating, quaffing, at paſt labors laughing,
Better far by half in ſpirits than before,
O how merrily then the reſted traveller
Seems, while ſitting at the goatherd's door.